

No. 4 OCT. 31

CAPTAIN MARVEL

ADVENTURES



A GROUP OF PUBLISHERS
10¢

SHAZAM



SMASHING TO THE TOP!

AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS



BULLETMAN

MINUTE-MAN

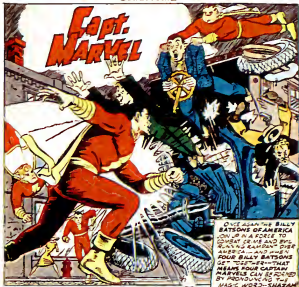
SPY SMASHER

CAPTAIN MARVEL

MR. SCARLET

STARRING COMICLAND'S GREATEST HEROES!

ON SALE ABOUT OCTOBER 15th

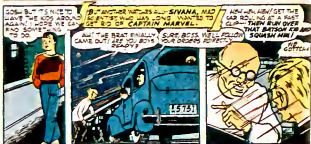


ONCE AGAIN THE BILLY BATSONS OF AMERICA JOIN UP IN A FORCE TO COMBAT CRIME AND SAVE "BILLY BATSON" OVER AMERICA—AND HERE! FOUR BILLY BATSONS GET TOGETHER—THAT MEANS FOUR CAPTAIN MARVELS CAN BE BORN BY PRODUING THE MAGIC WORD—SHAZAM!



October 31, 1941, Vol. 1, No. 4

CHARLTON GUSTAV, ARTIST: This is a picture of the artist's studio in the city of New York. The artist is a man of about 30 years of age, with dark hair and a mustache. He is wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. He is standing in front of a large window that looks out onto a city street. The window is filled with many small, colorful objects, including figurines, vases, and other decorative items. The artist is looking at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a simple, light-colored wall with a framed picture of a bird on it. The floor is covered with a patterned rug. The overall scene is a typical artist's studio, with a focus on the artist and his work.



JUST AS THE MAGIC WORD
RINGS OUT THUNDER
ROLLS OVER THE HEAVENS
AND LIGHTNING STRIKES
THE CITY

THE MIGHTIEST MAN EVER BORN ON EARTH NOW STANDS WHERE
BUT A BOY WAS BUT A MOMENT AGO.



BOY, WE'RE
SURE LUCKY
TO GET AWAY
THAT TIME





PERFECT HOME RUN FOR
CAPTAIN MARVEL, AND
THE END OF ANOTHER ENEMY
OF JUSTICE.



GUESS THAT'S
THAT, AND NOW—
SHAZAM!



TUT-TUT! THE STREET
CLEANERS SHOULDN'T
NEGLECT THEIR
WORK SO MUCH!



YOU'RE LATE, GILLY. I-ER—HAD A LITTLE
WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL—HAD A LITTLE
TROUBLE WITH SOME
THINGS!



AND THEN AFTER THE CROOKS
LEAPED OUT THE LITTLE BOY AT
THE CAR— CAPTAIN MARVEL
SUDDENLY SHOUTED UP...



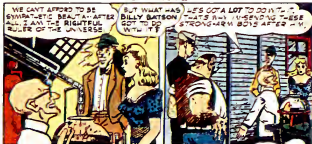
— AND THEN CAPTAIN
MARVEL QUICKLY CLIMBED
UP ON THE CROOKS...

GEE, WE SHOULD'VE
GONE ALONG. WE
MISSED ALL
THE FUN!

GAWSH!
WHATTA YOU
KNOW!















TAKING THEIR CUE, THE THREE CAPTURED BILLYS SPEAK THE MAGIC WORD EXACTLY THE SAME TIME THAT REAL BILLY PRONOUNCES IT.



...AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, THREE OTHER CAPTAIN MARVELS TAKE THE PLACES OF THE THREE BILLY BOYS.





ALL RIGHT SQUID—GET READY FOR A BIG LONG RIDE!

NOT ME, CAP! GEE—I'M REALLY A LITTLE SHY!



WELL, DOES CAPTAIN MARVEL KNOW THAT OLD SYLVA IS READY TO DROP A HUGE STONE ON HIM?



DOWN FALLS THE SMASHING STONE—AND CAP STILL DOESN'T SEE IT.



THE STONE WAS THE BIGGEST MAN EVER BORN ON EARTH—AND CAPTAIN MARVEL HARDLY NOTICES IT.



WHEW—SOMEONE STILL PLAYS TRICKS AROUND HERE!

ACROSS BLUE! NO MAN CAN STAND THAT!

YOU SAW IT YOURSELF, STUPID! BUT ARGUING AND COMING ON!



COME ON CAP—LET'S GET THOSE CROOKS BEFORE THEY GET AWAY!



WAIT A MINUTE—TWO GUYS HEARD A CRY.

IT CAME FROM A WERE—JUST RID TO HIS DOOR OFF AND—





DOWN GOES THE PLUNGER,
AND THE DETONATOR IS
SET OFF.
THERE... THAT...
FOR THEIR HASH!



AT FIRST, ONLY A LOW
RUMBLE IS HEARD,
THEN A DEAFENING
ROAR AS THE LAB
IS BLASTED TO BITS!



BUT THOUGH THE VICINTIC EXPLOSION
WOULD HAVE EASILY DESTROYED AN
ENTIRE ARMY OF ORDINARY MORTALS,
IT MERELY SPRINGS THE FOUR MARVELS
ZOOMING THROUGH THE AIR—
BEAUTA PROTECTED BY THEM.



STICK CLOSE TOGETHER, KELLARS,
WE DON'T WANT THE YOUNG LADY
TO GET HURT!

LOOK DOWN THERE!
NOTHING LEFT BUT A
BIG CRATER.

WHOLEY BOWDIE,
MUST'VE BEEN
TONS OF EXPLOSIVES
UNDER THE
BUILDING!



LOOK GANG, HERE'S
WHERE THE CROOKS MUST
HAVE BEEN—BECAUSE
THERE'S NO-ONE 'N' GET
ON THE EXPLOSION!

HYMM-BUT NO
SIGN OF THE
CROOKS AROUND
NOW.



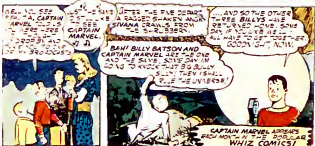
LOOK! THE REMAINS
OF THE GANGSTERS—A-A-
AND SIVANA!



SOS SOS—J-I-I HAVE CHIN UP BEAUTY
TO SEE SIVANA
DEAD!

HE OLD GEEZER
GOT THROUGH THE
WHOLE THING A-THOUT
A SCRATCH.





CODE OF GLORY

by
DICK RALEIGH



A mysterious code and
a brave American Boy.

YOUNG Juan Perez had died over the small, home-made short wave set, his brown eyes eager with excitement. Yes, that was it! He was certain now. The short, magnetic signals were the same. A strange code on the wave length reserved for United States Government Service!

"Golly!" Juan exclaimed. "I've got to break that code. I've just got to!"

For days now he had worked at nothing else. Since he had been eleven, codes had fascinated him. Codes and language. His teachers had been amazed at his interest in French, Italian and German.

"German!"

That was it! He had tried to read the odd code messages in English, French and Italian. Only German remained. And it was German. He was certain now.

He ran into the living room where he kept his school books. The German-English dictionary was necessary.

His mother's light voice called from the kitchen.

"Juan, my son, have you not gone to bed?"

"Not yet, Mader mia, I must do some work," he replied.

"You need your sleep to be

a fine strong American," she said, coming into the room. She was small, with a kind, sweet face.

Juan gathered her in his arms. Her one interest in life was his future. He longed for the day when he could make enough money to prevent her working so hard.

"I will soon be sleeping, Mader mia," he promised, kissing her work-worn hands.

He ran back to his room. He must catch that message.

As it came through again he wrote swiftly, careful to miss nothing. For five minutes the strange code crackled out over the night air. Then it stopped.

With the dictionary, Juan began to study. For an hour he worked, forgetting everything, but the code.

Then one word appeared. *Warner*. Another, *Von Soltau*. Then *Lily Bud*. And *Pirate's Cove*. It was making sense! The Warner Oil Company was in *Pirate's Cove*, ten miles from *Palm Springs* where Juan lived. And the *Lily Bud*, an oil tanker, belonged to *Karl Warner*.

Soon he had the complete message. It was so fantastic he could hardly believe it.

He threw on a light coat, turned off his bedroom light and slipped quietly out of the window. He didn't want to worry his mother, but he must find that ending act.

A street car ran from *Palm Springs* to *Pirate's Cove*. He

climbed aboard, his heart beating loudly with excitement.

The buildings that housed the Warner Oil Company were dark outlines in the fog, the main entrance guarded by a night watchman. He could never get by there.

He darted through the shadows toward the back. A railroad track ran into the yards. He slipped through the open gate, careful not to get into the way of the headlights on a locomotive switching oil cars.

In a window in the main building a light burned. Juan hurried to it and listened. A man was talking on the telephone, his back to the window. It looked like *Karl Warner*.

SUDDENLY Juan heard a bullet crash into the wall near where he was standing. He turned and ran into the gloom.

Footsteps followed him. A number of men were after him. They closed in on all sides. Juan ran down a dark alley. It led to a pier. A large tanker was anchored there, the *Lily Bud*. As he reached the pier, the men following him, came up. He leaped to the deck of the boat into the arms of a sailor who caught him in a firm grip.

"Well, what's this all about?" he growled.

The others came aboard and Juan was dropped into a small cabin. He saw his captors were all employees of the Warner Oil Company.

"What were you snooping around for, Kid?" one asked.

Juan thought fast and, reluctantly, told a lie.

"I, I was just looking for a place to sleep, sir," he said softly.

The men laughed.

"All this excitement over a little bum," one said.

"I'm not so sure," retorted another. "He was snooping about the window outside the boss's office."

"Aw, I saw the light and thought I could sneak inside out of the fog," Juan added.

"It's O.K. Max," the big fellow, who had caught him, said.

"We can't take chances, Eric. Max ordered" "Look him up below. We'll get rid of him later."

"Meaning?"

"Do as you're told and shut up," Max said shortly. "I'll report to the boss."

The others went back to their posts.

"Come on, Kid," Eric said. "You bumped into the wrong place tonight. But lay low. I'll see you ain't hurt. Just keep your mouth shut."

He led Juan to a lower cabin and locked him in.

Juan realized that message was more important than he had suspected. He had to escape. The porthole, barred by thick glass, opened inward. He just could reach it. It was small, but so was Juan. Somewhere above he heard Eric walking back and forth. Quickly he eased himself through the narrow aperture.

When the footstep was at the far end of the boat, he slipped into the cold waters below. He came up and just as he broke water, a shot rang out. He dived and swam under the waves a while.

Finally he came up for air. A boat was putting out from the Lily Bud. He swam quickly to the shore, came up behind the hull of the Warner yacht, and ran through the dense fog to the car stop.

He just caught the Palm Springs car. He knew he must get to the Coast Guard Station

on Palm Springs before the Lily Bud put out to sea. He would take the code message to his friend, Jack Sharum, a member of the Coast Guard. He would know what to do.

"Palm Springs, all out," he heard the conductor calling, and knew he had fallen asleep.

He got off and hurried toward the Coast Guard Station. Then a car appeared out of the fog, its lights blazing, and even in the dark, Juan leaped aside as the monster raced past. A burst of machine gun fire split the night.

JUAN fell behind a large truck. Only this saved him from sudden death. The Warner gang were taking no chances. They had seen that car to follow him on the chance that he wasn't simply a homeless bum.

He posed himself on the hull of his boat and suddenly dashed across the street, stumbling into the entrance of the station just as a new barrage of shots rang out. He felt a sharp pain stab him in the shoulder as a bullet found its mark, and fell headlong at the feet of Jack Sharum, who had come running out at the sound of gun fire.

"Good Lord, Juan. What's this all about?" Jack exclaimed, as he helped the boy into his office.

The pain was awful and Juan knew that he was going to pass out, for everything was getting black. If he did, much time would be lost and time was an important item. He forced himself out of it and, with a cry of anguish, sat up and began to tell his story to his friend.

As the finish he handed him the code message that he had translated and decoded.

"And don't leave me behind," he cautioned, as he fell forward at last, too weak and tired to rise.

When he came to, he was once more on the Lily Bud. But instead of Warner's men, young Coast Guardsmen were dressed

in the regular crew's clothes. Juan saw Jack watching him with a curious smile.

"Well, finally snapping out of it?" he asked.

Juan looked the question in his heart.

"Not yet, son, but soon. That mugg, there, is Joe Cressi, one dime run runner. After repeat he shows in with Karl Warner. He gave us the lowdown on Warner's business and it was exactly as you suspected. That message you got off the air waves was loaded with dynamite. And our man missed it! If it hadn't been for you—sh, here she comes!"

Juan saw a monster of the ocean depths thrust itself up out of the water and fog. A gigantic submarine? Quicker men stole out of her tower and began to make her fast to the Lily Bud.

"Cressi," a voice called.

"Yes, Captain, and right on time," Cressi replied.

"Dan is gone," the stranger said as he leaped aboard.

At that moment a whistle rang out and both ships were caught in light as bright as the sun at noon. Juan saw that they were surrounded by coast guard cutters. On the way home Jack explained.

"You know most of the story. Warner was refusing Nazi subs in American coastal waters contrary to our laws. We've spotted the Von Seiner before, but always beyond our patrol limits. So, until tonight our hands were tied. By the way, there is a powerful short wave set in Warner's office. He won't need it any more. I mentioned to the Captain that you might know someone who could use it. Think you'd like it?"

"Gosh, would I?" Juan exclaimed.

"And there's an appointment to Annapolis, waiting for you next year when you finish high school," Jack added. "That is, of course, if you want it."

"Golly, gee!" Juan gripped, pinching himself to see if it was real.

It was!

The End













NIGHT AND REST-IN THE STOCKADE OF THE CAPTIVE LABORERS.



NOW I HAVE A CERTAIN SOCIAL CALL TO MAKE. SHAZAM!



I WON'T NEED THIS LITTLE WATCH-CHARM.



THE WAR LORD PALACE MUST BE IN THIS DIRECTION.



HA! EVERY DAY I AM NEARER TO MY GOAL-THE DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA! NOR AM I AFRAID! I NEVER SAW THE COLOR OF THE MAN'S EYES THAT FRIGHTENED ME!

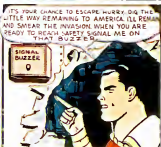


WELL, YOU'RE LOOKING INTO A PAIR RIGHT NOW!

AWK!





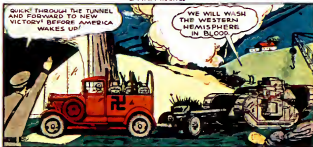














STRANGE but TRUE



THAT **CAMELS** ROAMED AMERICAN DESERTS 100,000 YEARS AGO IS SHOWN BY RECENTLY DISCOVERED TRACKS OF AN EXTINCT GENUS FOUND IN ARIZONA!



THE **SECRETARY BIRD** OF AFRICA HAS THE CURIOUS CHARACTERISTIC OF KILLING SNAKES BY FORCEFUL AND RAPID BLOWS OF ITS OUTSPREAD FOOT!

SMELL, TOUCH AND VISION AREAS OF THE BRAIN ARE THE SAME SIZE IN GREAT APES AS IN MAN, ALTHOUGH THE WHOLE OF MAN'S BRAIN IS THREE TIMES LARGER!

AREAS OF THE BRAIN ARE THE SAME SIZE IN GREAT APES AS IN MAN, ALTHOUGH THE WHOLE OF MAN'S BRAIN IS THREE TIMES LARGER!



WALL WONDERS

DO A PERSON'S FINGERNAILS GROW AFTER DEATH?

ANS: NO. THE NAILS OF A MUMMY SEEM TO HAVE GROWN BECAUSE THE FLESH WAS SHRINKING.

FLYING FISH

CAN REACH A SPEED OF THIRTY-FIVE MILES PER HOUR BEFORE TAKING OFF! SUPPORTED BY ENORMOUS BREAST FINS, ITS GLIDING FLIGHT SOMETIMES LASTS FOR HALF A MINUTE!







WITH EASE, EARTH'S MIGHTIEST MAN GOES TO WORK.

WOW! YOU CERTAINLY STUNNED THEM, CHIEF! YOU REMIND ME OF SOMEBODY ELSE.

YEAH—WHO?

CAPTAIN MARVEL!
THAT'S WHO—
YOU FIGHT JUST
LIKE HIM!

HAHAH—
SOUNDS IN-
TERESTING. DO
YOU HAPPEN TO
KNOW CAPTAIN
MARVEL?

NO, BUT I WISH
I DID. YOU SEE I'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR
CAPTAIN MARVEL
FOR TWO WEEKS.
I'VE GOT SOME
VERY IMPORTANT
NEWS FOR HIM!

IT'S ABOUT A SUBMARINE BASE
IN SOUTH AMERICA. A FOREIGN
POWER IS SLOWLY BUILDING A
SECRET BASE THERE—AND
CAPTAIN MARVEL SHOULD
HEAR—

BUT AT THE END OF THE
HALLWAY, A SHADOWY
FIGURE APPEARS, GUN
IN HAND, AND HE LISTENS
TO THE CONVERSATION.

TELL CAPTAIN
MARVEL—THAT-T-
OOOOOHHH!

WOW!
HE'S
DEAD!



AND YOUR BOY REPORTER HAS A SCOOP FOR YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! A FOREIGN POWER IS BUILDING SECRET BASES IN SOUTH AMERICA!

BUT I'M CERTAIN THAT IT'S NOT TOO MUCH TO WORRY ABOUT FOR I HEAR THAT CAPTAIN MARVEL IS GOING DOWN TO SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

SO NOW I'LL SAY GOOD NIGHT TO ALL. THIS IS BILLY BATSON SAYING OFF UNTIL TOMORROW. GOOD NIGHT, ALL.

GUESS-BUT I'D A SOME REPORTER ENJOYST I MISSED HIS PROGRAM IN TWO YEARS!

PEOPLE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY LISTEN IN ON BILLY'S BROADCAST EACH NIGHT AND DAY.

BE BILLY--THERE'S SOMEONE TO SEE YOU OUTSIDE.

OKAY MR. MORRIS, I'LL GO RIGHT OUT.

BUT JUST A MOMENT AGO YOU SURE YOUR INFORMATION WAS CORRECT ABOUT THE SECRET BASES--AND ABOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL'S GOING DOWN THERE?

SURE THING, MR. MORRIS, AND DON'T WORRY! I'LL ALL BE TAKEN CARE OF.

WHY--THAT BOY IS CERTAINLY A WORLD BEATER. SOMETIMES I THINK HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL THAN WE SAY WE DO. I WONDER IF HE COULD BE A LEASER--

--NO--GUESS IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION!

WONDER WHERE THAT FELLOW WENT TO THAT WANTED TO SEE ME?

ON WELL, GUESS HE GOT TRED WAITING AND LEFT. MAYBE I BETTER GO BACK IN AND--

BEFORE THE BOY RADIO REPORTER CAN REALIZE IT, A HEFTY GLOBE DESCENDS ON HIS HEAD.

FOOL OF A BOY!

OOOOH!

QUICK—PUSH HIM AWAY BEFORE
OTHERS COME! HE KNOWS
TOO MUCH!



CARRYING THEIR UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM, THE THREE
MYSTERIOUS STANGERS MAKE THEIR WAY TO
A RIVER.



LUCKY MURPHY, WE'VE
GOT TO PULL OUT
BEFORE DAWN!

CAN'T ROW
ANY FASTER.



SOON THE PARTY REACHES A
LARGE SAILBOAT LINED IN
ANCHOR NOT FAR FROM SHORE.



ACH! I SEE YOU GOT
THE REPORTER.

NEVER FA-
-RECK ON.
AIR FOG
ALWAYS
ACCOMPLISHES
WHAT HE SETS
OUT TO DO!

WITH ALL ABOARD,
THE BIG SHIP SLOWLY
SETS OUT, MAKING
ITS WAY SOUTHWARD.



WE OUGHTTA
BE IN SOUTH
AMER CA
AFORE LONG.

SURE! THE
SOONER THE
BETTER OUR
TIME IS
GROWING
SHORTER
AND
SHORTER!



BUT DE KOWHAT
HAPPENED TO HIM?

HE'S DOWN
BELOW WE'VE
GOT LIMITED
LIGHTER THAN A PACKAGE
OF EXPLOSIVE.



WHILE BELOW DECK BILLY
RESAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

SOLLY, HE! COULD
ONLY TALK.



THESE CROOKS ARE PROBABLY
HEADED FOR SOUTH
AMERICA TO SET UP THAT
SUBMARINE BASE. MUMMER! IF
I COULD ONLY GET LOOSE!



HEY COOK! WHERE
ARE YOU TAKING
THAT FOOD?

BELOW IS
TIME TO FEED
THAT BATSON
BRAT.



THEN WE'LL JUST GIVE HIM A
LITTLE DOSE OF THIS DOGSON, A
CLEAN WAY OF
GETTING RID OF
- M. H-?



BATSON HAS GOT
TO DIE! HIS YOUTH
WILL BE SILENCED
FOREVER!



OIEEE! DAT MR FOG IS SURE A
SPOOKY ONE! MUDDO! WATE TO BE
ON THE G-DEE AGAINST HIM.



GOOD EVENING,
YOUNG BILLY.
TIME FOR YOU
TO EAT.

THE BRAT'LL
BE DEAD NO
SOONER THAN
HE EATS THIS.



MUMMER!
AT LAST THEY'LL
HAVE TO REMOVE
THE GAIL, AND
WHEN THEY DO...

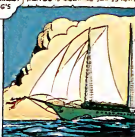




HEY---THE SHIP IS ALREADY MOVING--- SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!



MR FOG IS RIGHT--THE SHIP IS MOVING!



TOO SLOW GOING THROUGH WATER--I'LL JUST TAKE EVERYBODY ALONG FOR AN AIRPLANE RIDE!



I DON'T CARE--THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NO MAN CAN PICK A SHIP UP! I'M DREAMING!



LOOK AT LAST--THERE'S A COAST GUARD STATION BELOW!



WHEREBEEW! GET A LOAD OF THAT!

BROTHER, ONLY ONE MAN COULD DO THAT--CAPTAIN MARVEL!



HEY, CAPTAIN MARVEL! DON'T WORRY, JOE! ALWAYS THE BIG DEAT! CAPTAIN MARVEL USUALLY KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!



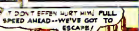
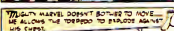
WINE BOYS! JUST THOUGHT I'D BRING IN A FEW SPES-- AND --HERE THEY ARE!



THEIR LEADERS NAME IS MR FOG. YOU'D BETTER RUN HIM BEHIND BARS FOR A LONG REST, I'M GOING OUT TO FETCH A SUBMARINE NOW.



A SUBMARINE! YOU MEAN-- THAT'S--



THOUGHT THEY COULD OUT SWIM
ME BUT I'LL SHOW EM.



ALLEY-OOP—AND
UP HE GO!



WHILE AT THE SAME U.S. COASTAL BASE,
THE MEN GET THEIR SECOND GLIMPSE OF AN
IMPOSSIBLE FEAT!



NOT MANY PEOPLE LIVE TO SEE SUCH A
SIGHT AS THIS.

W-W-WHELP!
KAMARADE!



WELL, SIR, YOU'VE
CERTAINLY SAVED THE
GOVERNMENT A LOT
OF WORK!

NOTHING TO IT,
CAPTAIN. JUST A
BUNCH OF ANXIOUS
CROOKS TRYING TO
SET UP SUB BASES. I'M
GLAD I CAUGHT
THEM IN TIME!

THERE HE GOES,
BOYS! TAKE A
GOOD LOOK—
BECAUSE YOU
DON'T SEE HIM
VERY OFTEN!

W-W-WHELP!
I'VE SEEN HIM
TOO MUCH
ALREADY!

HAND SO THE SUB-
MARINE BASE HAS
NEVER SET UP THANKS
TO CAPTAIN MARVEL—
AND WHEN TRY TO
SET UP ANOTHER BASE
YOU CAN BET YOUR
BOOTS CAPTAIN MARVEL
WILL BE RIGHT ON THE
SPOT TO STOP THEM.
SO LONG EVERYBODY,
THE 13 BUN BATTION
GOING OFF!



CAPTAIN MARVEL APPEARS
EACH MONTH IN THE POPULAR
WHIZ-COMICS!



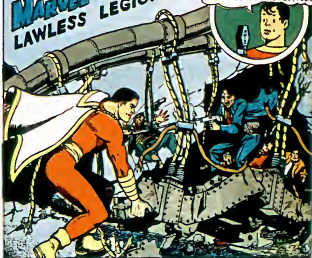
CHUBBY





Capt. MARVEL and the **LAWLESS LEGION**

GIGGY GOLTON WANTED AN EMPIRE OF CRIME—CAPTAIN MARVEL WANTED LAW AND ORDER! WHO DO YOU THINK WON OUT, FOLKS?



YOU'RE OUR BEST RADIO REPORTER, BILLY—WE WANT YOU TO COVER THE GIGGY GOLTON TRIAL.

THANKS FOR THE CHANCE, SIR! IT SHOULD BE HOT STUFF WITH THAT NEW YOUNG PROSECUTOR, SHAH.

THE YOUNG PROSECUTOR RECEIVES UNWELCOME CALLERS.

LISTEN, SHAH—IF I GOT ANY SENSE, I'LL GO EAST TONN GOOD, DOING AND LET GIGGY ONE.

NOHIN AS... NOTHING... PROSECUTORS GOLTON ARE SEEN AN' WILL NOT HOLD... LET A SQUAD

TRIAL NO MORE NO LEAV' CLEAR OUT BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!



YOUR HONOR, THE EVIDENCE WILL SHOW THAT GIGGY GOLTON, THE DEFENDANT, IS A PRINCE OF ORGANIZED CRIME WHO RULES THIS TOWN BY GRAFT, CORRUPTION AND EVEN MURDER! OFFICER FLYNN, TAKE THE STAND!



LATER... AT THE TRIAL...

FOLKS, OFFICER FLYNN IS EXPECTED TO GIVE TESTIMONY THAT WILL CONVICT GOLTON. HE'S AN HONEST COP... COULDN'T BE BOUGHT OR FRIGHTENED!

YOU SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH... THE WHOLE TRUTH...



AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

DO--OH!



YOUR HONOR, HE'S BEEN KILLED--TO KEEP HIM FROM CONVICTING THIS GANG LEADER!

YOU'RE SCREAMING NOBODY CAN PROVE WHY HE WAS KILLED!



I CAN STILL SEE THE GUN SMOKE AT THAT HIGH WINDOW--NOBODY CAN REACH IT IN TIME TO CATCH THE KILLER!



MAKE WAY FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL!





YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT RED-HANDED IN A MURDER. YOUR BEST CHANCE FOR MERCY IS TO TELL EVERYTHING.



YEAH-- GUESS I'D BETTER WILL, IT WAS LIKE DIS--

BOTH THE PROSECUTOR AND HIS CAPTIVE HAVE FORGOTTEN THE MURDER RIFLE ON FLOOR. A FOOT READING FROM BEHIND KICKS THE TRIGGER.



THAT OUGHTA LET ME OUT JUDGE. THE GUN KILLED THE WITNESS--AND MR. SHAW WAS HOLDING IT.



AN ACCIDENT! OR MAYBE ANOTHER MURDER TO SILENCE MORE TESTIMONY!

YOU'RE FREE AGAIN BOSS.

YES, AND ON GETTING EVEN WITH THAT COCKY PROSECUTOR AND HIS TOUGH PAL IN THE RED SHIRT, GET THOSE BOYS TOGETHER-- QUICK.



THE CASE IS DISMISSED-- BUT IT ISN'T CLOSED.



NO MR. SHAW AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I CAN BLAST IT WIDE OPEN!

RETURNING TO THE FORM OF BILLY BATSON, CAPTAIN MARVEL BEGINS HIS CAMPAIGN.

NO FOLKS, THERE'S NO REST FOR GIGGY GOLTON! PROSECUTING ATTORNEY SHAW HAS ANNOUNCED THAT HE'S DIGGING UP NEW EVIDENCE AND THIS TIME HE'S GOING TO GUARD HIS WITNESSES AGAINST GOLTON'S GUNMEN! GOOD LUCK SHAW, THIS TOWN'S BACK OF YOU!



TO SUM UP GIGGY GOLTON
IS A RACKETEERING SCOUND
AND WE CAN'T SUE ME FOR
DAMAGES TO HIS CHARACTER—
WE HADN'T ANY CHARACTER!
BILLY BATSON SINGING OFF!

IT'S THAT FRESH RADIO
SCOUT RIDING ME AGAIN!
BEEFY, RUN OVER THERE
AND MUSS HIM UP!

WHO ARE YOU?

STAY ON YOUR
FEET—YOU ONLY
HAVE ONE!

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS
BILLY BATSON! I'LL TEACH YA
TO KEEP DAT BIG MOUTH
SHUT!



I'LL SMACK YA DOWN LIKE A WET
SOCK—HEY WHERE YA GOIN'?



PLENTY GOES ON, FELLER. WHY DON'T
YOU PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR SIZE—
LIKE ME!



YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE
"LIT" NOSE OF YOURS!





I APPRECIATE THE BACKING AND MY RADIO SYSTEM
YOUR RADIO SYSTEM IS APPRECIATES YOUR FIGHT
GIVING ME, BULLY, FOR LAW AND ORDER NOW
WILL YOU GIVE US A STATEMENT
ON THIS?



WELL, WELL, HOW COZY!
CAN US, BAD BOYS
HORN IN?

WHAT DOES THIS
MEAN, GOLTON?



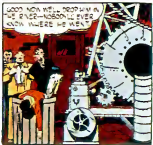
JEES! THAT
FRESH BRAT
AGAIN!

CRAB SNAKE
BENT HIM!



I GOT PLANS FOR SWAN
HERE—BUT GET RID OF
THAT LITTLE SQUIRT BLO
BATHON QUICK—AND
PERMANENT

IT'S PRACTICALLY DONE!
SPOTTED A CONCRETE
JAMMER DOWN THE
STREET



GOOD NOW WE'LL TREAT HIM IN
THE RING—NOBODY'S EVER
KNOW WHERE HE WENT



LOOK AHEAD!
BABY!

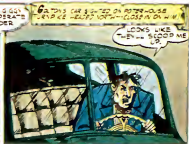
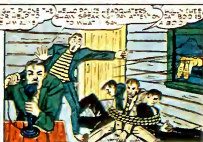














THERE GOES GOLTON--UP! NOW
DOWN AGAIN--



WAIT! THAT'S A LONG DROP
WITHOUT AN ELEVATOR.



YOU'RE MY BREATHING WREN,
DID YOU SAVE HER?

BECAUSE I PROMISED
SHAW YOU'D STAND
ANOTHER TRIAL.

NO SAVING WITNESSES THIS TIME,
GOLTON--YOUR LUCK'S RUN OUT.



WHERE'S YOUR PRISONER SAFE AND
SOUND, WATCH HIM AND YOUR
WITNESSES, AND GOODBYE
NOW.



WELL, FOLKS, SHAW CONVICTED
GOLTON--SENT HIM TO THE
JAIL. THE TOWN IS LOOKING
FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL TO GIVE
HIM A MEDAL OR SOMETHING,
BUT THEY WON'T FIND HIM. OUR
NOBODY EVER FINDS

CAPTAIN
MARVEL OUT



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WINGS OF AMERICA

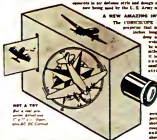
(Official U. S. Army Air Corps and U. S. Navy Photo (Courtesy American Photo Service))

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